



THE

CASKET.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

BY CHARLES CANDID.

VOL. I.

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No. 15.

APOLOGUE.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

IN a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the Continent. In this seclusion, blest with all that wild uncultivated Nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquet. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighboring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing: their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art: she had showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day, the Princess being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping [on a gold fish, the usual bait on

those occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, further down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls ; a youth, who by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious ; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing, therefore, the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize, but both his hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth : the consequence is easily imagined ; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw, nor could he, with all his efforts, or his floundering get free.

"Sister," cries the youngest Princess, "I have certainly caught a monstrous fish ; I never perceived any thing struggle so at the end of my line before ; come, and help me draw it in." They both now therefore assisted in fishing up the diver on shore ; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. "Bless my eyes," cries the prude, "what have we got here ; this is a very odd fish to be sure ; I never saw any thing in my life look so queer ; what eyes, what terrible claws, what a monstrous snout ; I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a *Tanlang* that eats women ; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it."

The diver in the mean time stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquet, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister," says she, "I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend ; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish make me quite sick.

I fancy a slice of this, nicely grilladed, and dressed up with shrimp sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world; and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable you know." "Horrid," cries the prude, "would the girl be poisoned; I tell you it is a *Tanlang*; I have read of it in twenty places. It is every where described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious, ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now therefore obliged to submit; both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay; they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the black-eyed Princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children," cries she, "what have you done? the fish you caught was a man-fish; one of the most tame, domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey." "If that be all," says the young coquet, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I'll hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly they threw in their line once more, but with all their gilding and paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till at last the genius of the place, in pity to their distresses, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquet into an oyster.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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For the Casket.

MR. CANDID,

The following humorous essay is taken from a New-York paper, of 1802. It is, unquestionably, from the pen of one of the authors of "Salmagundi." By inserting it in the Casket, you will gratify your friend, O.

Nothing is more intolerable, to an old person, than innovations on old habits. The customs, that prevail in our youth, become dear to us as we advance in years; and we can no more bear to see them abolished, than we can to behold the trees cut down, under which we have sported in the happy days of infancy.

Even I myself, who have floated down the stream, of life with the tide; who have humored it in all its turnings; who have conformed, in a great measure, to all its fashions—cannot but feel sensible of this prejudice. I often sigh, when I draw a comparison between the present and past; and though I cannot but be sensible that, in general, times are altered for the better, yet there is something even in the *imperfections* of the manners which prevailed in my youthful days, that is inexpressibly endearing.

There is nothing that seems more strange and preposterous, to me, than the manner, in which modern marriages are conducted. The parties keep the matter as secret as if there was something disgraceful in the connexion. The lady positively denies that any thing of the kind is to happen; will laugh at her intended husband, and even lay bets against the event, the very day before it is to take place. They sneak into matrimony as quietly as possible, and seem to pride themselves on the cunning and ingenuity they have displayed in their manœuvres.

How different is this from the manners of former times!—I recollect when my aunt *Barbara* was addressed by 'squire *Stylish*: nothing was heard of, during the whole courtship, but consultations and negotiations between her friends and relatives: the matter was considered and reconsidered, and at length the time set for a

final answer. Never shall I forget the awful solemnity of the scene. The whole family of the Oldstyles assembled in formal conclave; my aunt Barbara dressed out as fine as hands could make her—high cushion, enormous cap, long waist, prodigious hoop, ruffles that reached to the end of her fingers, and a gown of flame colored brocade, figured with poppies, roses and sun-flowers. Never did she look so sublimely handsome. The 'squire entered the room with a countenance suited to the solemnity of the occasion. He was arrayed in a full suit of scarlet velvet, his coat decorated with a profusion of large silk buttons, and the skirts stiffened with a yard or two of buckram; a long pig-tailed wig, well powdered, adorned his head, and stockings of deep blue silk, rolled over the knees, graced his extremities; the flaps of his vest reached to his knee-buckles; and the ends of his cravat, tied with the most precise neatness, twisted through every button-hole. Thus accoutred, he gravely walked into the room, with his ivory-headed cane in one hand, and gently swaying his three-cornered beaver with the other. The gallant and fashionable appearance of the 'squire, the gracefulness and dignity of his deportment, occasioned a general smile of complacency through the room; my aunt Barbara modestly veiled her countenance with her fan; but I observed her contemplating her admirer, with great satisfaction, through the sticks.

The business was opened with the most formal solemnity, but was not long in agitation. The Oldstyles were moderate—their articles of capitulation few; the 'squire was gallant, and acceded to them all. In short, the blushing Barbara was delivered up to his embraces with due ceremony. Then, Mr. Editor—then were the happy times; such oceans of arrack—such mountains of plumb cake—such feasting and congratulating—such fiddling and dancing—ah, me! who can think of those days, and not sigh, when he sees the degeneracy of the present; no eating of cake, nor throwing of stockings—not a single skin filled with wine, on the joyful occasion—not a single pocket edified by it but the parson's.

It is with the greatest pain I see those customs dying away, which served to awaken the hospitality and friendship of my ancient comrades—that strewed with flowers the path to the altar, and shed a ray of sunshine on the commencement of the matrimonial union.

The deportment of my aunt Barbara and her husband, was as decorous after marriage as before—her conduct was always regulated by *his*—her sentiments ever accorded with his opinions—she was always eager to tie on his neckcloth of a morning—to tuck a napkin under his chin at meal times—to wrap him up warm of a winter's day, and to spruce him up as smart as possible of a Sunday. The 'squire was the most attentive and polite husband in the world; would hand his wife in and out of church with the greatest ceremony—drink her health at dinner with particular emphasis, and ask her advice on every subject—though, I must confess, he, invariably, adopted his own—nothing was heard of, from both sides, but dears, sweet loves, doves, &c. The 'squire could never stir out, of a winter's day, without his wife calling after him, from the window, to button up his waistcoat carefully. Thus all things went on smoothly, and my relations, *Stylish*, had the name, and, as far as I know, deserved it, of being the most happy and loving couple in the world.

A modern married pair will, no doubt, laugh at all this; they are accustomed to treat one another with the utmost carelessness and neglect. No longer does the wife tuck the napkin under her husband's chin—nor the husband attend to heaping her plate with dainties—no longer do I see those little amusing fooleries in company, where the lady would pat her husband's cheek, and he chuck her under the chin; when dears and sweets were as plenty as cookies on a new-year's day. The wife now considers herself as totally independent—will advance her own opinions, without hesitation, though directly opposite to his—will carry on accounts of her own, and will even have secrets of her own, with which she refuses to entrust him.

Who can read these facts and not lament, with me,

the degeneracy of the present times—what husband is there but will look back with regret, to the happy days of female subjection.

JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

FOR THE CASKET.

MR. CANDID,

There is nothing more unjust, and impolite, and at the same time nothing more prevalent, than ridiculing the weakness, the infirmities, either bodily or mental, of certain individuals.

Did mankind but view this fashionable recreation in a proper light, they would certainly detest it, if they were not utterly devoid of sympathetic feelings. Who is free from deformity, in every respect? None. Then if none are free from it, is it not most unmanly and cruel for one to ridicule another who is possessed of more visible deformities than himself? I would ask those who are in the practice of making "fun," (as they call it,) of their fellow-beings, if they would wish to be served so, or even derided, on account of their follies and faults? If they should be highly incensed on being ridiculed for that which is in their power to avoid, they ought to be sensible how much the feelings of others are wounded, when derided for that which is *not* in their power to alter.

AURELIUS.

From the Independent Mechanic.

A DREAM.

MR. EDITOR,

Returning to bed last evening, at an earlier hour than usual, and being weary, I immediately went to sleep—or sleep came to me. I suppose that I had not slept long before I tho't I was in Holland, at Amsterdam; but what my business was, or how I came there, and all these things, I know not. However, I fancied myself at a tavern, where there was a number of persons passing away their time in drinking, talking, and so forth. I had not been there long, before I heard a noise, more loud than thunder, which seemed to be about a mile's distance. It

was awfully sublime. I inquired of a person who sat next me what it was—he informed me that it was the big violin of Amsterdam, which that day was completed. Indeed! said I, it must be large! Ah, returned he, you are not at all mistaken, for it requires four score horses to draw the bow, and it is so formed, that when it sounds it will sound twenty years, and, indeed, though they had lightly touched the strings it continued still to sound, which by this time, was more than two hours.

Then on a sudden it sounded again, louder than earth-rending thunder—the whole city shook; the buildings tumbled to the ground, and the inhabitants were in an instant hurried to eternity—I alone escaped. So great was my terror, that I awoke, and still fancied that I heard the dreadful violin; but I soon reflected where I was—called for a candle—alarmed the good people of the house—told them my dream—heard the violin still; when I put my finger in my ear, and there reconnoitered a gnat, that had hung upon a broken cobweb, no doubt, directly over my head, and had in its benumbed state fallen into my ear, where, beginning to feel the return of life, in so warm a cell, it began to amuse itself with fluttering its wings. This small insect was the occasion of such an incredible dream! CANDOR.

.....
 VARIETY.

Female accomplishments. “That virtue which adorned the minds of women in former times,” says an old satirist, “is passed in our days into the ornaments of the body; and she whose habit is most gaudy, and set off with embroideries and fantastick ornaments is most esteemed; not considering that were you to load an ass with finery, it would be able to carry more than any one of them.”

Spectator and Rambler. If you wish to form your son or daughter to virtue or gracefulness, let them read the Spectator and Rambler, in which they will also discover some good poetry and much genuine criticism.—*Sylva.*

Apollonian Wreath.

For the Casket.

MR. CANDID,

*If you please, you can give this a place in the Casket,
if not—you say that you have a “fire” near you!!!*

Lines addressed to Florilla.

When your swain, with a languishing air,
Seems enamor'd, and falls at your feet;
When his words are so smoothe and so fair,
And all his behavior is sweet:

When he tells you he loves you indeed,
That, to him, you are *ever* more dear,
More sweet, than the flowers of the mead,
Or the rose in the spring of the year.

He tells you, with many a sigh,
That your “skin is as white as the snow;”
That your cheeks, the red lillies outvie;
And your beauty the vales where they grow!

But may my Florilla beware—
Still his heart may be full of deceit;
When once caught in seductions fell snare,
You can never effect a retreat.

But sunk in the lab'rinth of wo,
All joy from your bosom will fly;
Your tears, like swift torrents will flow,
And each rapt'rous pleasure will die.

Those who flatter'd will flatter no more,
Nor endeavor to lighten your grief;
The world, that caress'd you before,
Will never afford you relief!

FLORENTIUS.

THE FRIENDLESS WANDERER.

Say, stranger, that wand'reth alone,
Thro' mazes and shadows forlorn;
Secluded from friends and a home,
And hurried o'er mountains of scorn.

Say, where are the friends which sustain'd?
That fondly could call thee their own;
Do they hear thy deep accents complain?
And are deaf to the echoing moan?

No, they've gone to the valley below,
And paid the last debt with their breath,
Which from instinct or nature e'er flow'd;
They've retir'd to the caverns of death.

O! let some friend awake to thy cry,
And relinquish humanity's tear:
Let them drop from those orbs, once so dry,
Nor close, to the Wanderer, an ear.

Melt in pity the adamant breast,
In compassion, 'wake up to despair!
Hear the groans of the Wand'rer, for rest,
And lend him from bounty a share.

Methinks them now raging unfurl'd,
The groans of the Wand'rer a dying,
He's fleeing, how fast, from the world,
And death now relieves him from sighing.

More keen than the blast of the west,
Where friendship denies the small boon,
Then forbear to borrow distress,
To hasten life's sun down at noon.

DON-LORENZO.

THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

Lysippe's babe had crawl'd on hands and knees
Close to the margin of a dizzy rock;
When, lo! her giddy boy his mother sees,
And with a mother's pangs receives the shock.
To stir was death.....great God! what could she do?
(Sure some kind Deity around her watch'd,)
She bar'd her breast; it caught the prattler's view,
And from the brink of fate th' unconscious victim
snatch'd.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

In a snug rural cot at the foot of yon hill
 Lives Delia, the toast of each amorous swain ;
 There I've heard, sadly pensive, the clack of a mill,
 And the soft tinkling streamlet that waters the plain ;
 For the spot seem'd a Heaven where Delia had been :
 There I sigh'd, and her name have I carv'd on a tree ;
 Yet Delia, so fair, might Horatio disdain,
 Did she know how he loves, tho' of humble degree.

What swain could behold so enchanting a face,
 And not feel, like Horatio, the transports of love ;
 When she trips o'er the lawn with such exquisite grace,
 And her chantings resound thro' the echoing grove ;
 Then, elated with joy, I bound over the plain
 With my pipe and my crook, who so happy as me ?
 Yet Delia, so fair, might Horatio disdain,
 Did she know how he loves, tho' of humble degree.

In silence, ah ! let me my passion control,
 If her rank won't admit such affection as mine ;
 So pure, so sublime, it enlarges the soul,
 And yet I must sigh, must unnotic'd repine.
 But why should I sigh, and thus fondly complain ?
 She knows not her name was engraven by me ;
 Sure.....Delia could never Horatio disdain,
 He so ardently loves, tho' of humble degree.

 THE KISS.

Long have I seduously tried
 My fair one's lips to press ;
 Long has the cruel maid denied
 My ardent hopes to bless.
 At length the lovely girl complies,
 And grants the balmy treasure ;
 Love sparkles in her eyes,
 And ev'ry look is pleasure.
 Kitty ! I thank thee for the kiss,
 Of each dull care the smoother ;
 But, oh ! when next thou grant'st the bliss,
 Pray, *shave a little smoother !*

Editor's Garret.

"Here we take our stand, —"

.....

Since we have taken "our stand" in the "garret," it has been the subject of great inquiry, where it is situated. In order to satisfy their curiosity, we will endeavor to give a concise description. It is situated on the summit of Imagination, directly opposite a splendid row of *air castles*, with this inscription—"EDITOR's GARRET," in large capitals, on the outside of the building. As you enter the building you will observe, on your right, a ladder, which you will ascend, where you will find our true motto, in golden letters over the door:

"— Here we take our stand,"
Where "nought but *Gandour* reigns."

Our country correspondent "Florentius," receives our approbation. His Muse is by no means disagreeable

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"Marriage is honorable in ALL."—BIBLE.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Reuben Bunker to Miss Hepzebah Coffin. Mr. Henry Ostrander, to Miss Mary Taylor, daughter of Robert Taylor, Esq. On the 9th, Mr. John Mecleveen to Miss Maria Morrison. On the 11th, Mr. Randall Lee to Miss Polly Heath.

At Coxsackie, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Livingston, Mr. Reuben W. Folger to Miss Frances Sampson, daughter of the Rev. Ezra Sampson, of this city.

Hymen is certainly prodigal of his torch, in our favored city.—"But never did it light worthier pairs to crown connubial happiness."

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HUDSON:

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